

# PUNCH



*Wm. R. ... 27. 706*

## THE LOST BRIDEGROOM.

### A CHORUS GIRL EPISODE.

(After Browning's "The Last Ride Together.")

I SAID, "Then, dearest, since 'tis so,  
And you are quite resolved to go;  
Since now you hold yourself aloof,  
And all my efforts end in spooF;

Since this was written, and needs  
must be  
Produced in court (I mean this letter

Pledging your troth for worse or better),  
Take back the hope you gave; I claim  
But compensation for the same,  
Taking this form, if you will not  
blame,

A cheque for a thousand pounds to  
me."

My lordling dropped that lower jaw;  
That pane of glass, through which he  
saw,

Fixed me: he breathed a word that  
meant

He wished the *scripta quæ manent*

Had been addressed to—never mind!

My purse replenished once again,  
My schemes then were not wholly vain:  
I and my lordling, side by side,  
In double harness may not ride;

But Youth is fond, and the Peerage  
wide—

Who knows but another lord I'll find?

## ENCORE LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

["Mrs. — is giving a little dinner for the Countess of —'s dance."]

SCANNING the paper with my morning coffee—  
Such mental food as "Bargains at the Sales,"  
"BIRRELL'S Dilemma," "Eagle Choked by Toffee,"  
"The Quake of Earth in Gallant Little Wales,"  
"The Wrongs of Suffragettes, and How to Right 'em,"  
"Tragedy on a Cliff—the Fatal Shove,"  
I came upon the really poignant item  
Recorded just above.

Madam, I had not guessed your social station,  
Nor even learned your name before to-day;  
The loss was mine; I suffered that privation  
With simple fortitude as brave men may;  
Until your paragraph, perused this morning,  
Lit up the nescient gloom in which I sat,  
—I had received no hint, no sort of warning,  
That you would dine like that.

'Tis not the vulgar cost of wine and victual  
That makes, of such a meal, a world-event;  
The dinner, modestly described as "little,"  
Would not demand this bold advertisement;  
It is the sequent ball that craves recital,  
The noble house to which your guests will go—  
That is the salient matter, that the vital  
Thing for us all to know.

And now we know it; and to this instruction,  
For which a grateful public thanks you much,  
Each of us adds the obvious deduction  
That it has cost you, say, a guinea touch.  
The earthquake, and the eagle (*rapta fatis*)  
Whose toffee-surfeit everyone deplores,  
Get their advertisement for nothing (*gratis*);  
You had to pay for yours!

O. S.

## NATURE STUDIES.

## THE AMERICAN MOTHER.

AT this season London and the other European capitals teem with the American Mother. Far away, in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, in Philadelphia, in Pittsburg, in Cincinnati or in Milwaukee, the American Father toils at his accustomed industry. Not for him are the joys of the impassioned chase from city to city and from country to country. His duty is to stay at home with the Irish hired girl and the cook and the little dog; to make money and to remit it in plenty, while his wife, that gallant and indomitable woman, speeds over leagues and leagues of sea and land in the company of her sister, of four young children and of a sort of nurse; and dragging with her, wherever she goes, an Ossa-Pelion of gigantic trunks and boxes.

Nothing terrifies the American Mother. She faces with an equal heart the luxurious discomforts of an Atlantic steamer and the dietary dangers of a British hotel. No foreign language appals her. She may be heard denouncing in her native American the iniquitous charges of a Parisian *cocher* or appreciating the mild courtesies of a Prussian railway guard. She is at home in cathedrals and in palaces, and is as little abashed by the splendours of courts as she is daunted by the difficulties of the most complicated journey. Whatever may be her goal she always contrives to get there, sometimes battered with travel and worn out by the care of her belongings, but always with the triumphant air of a conqueror. Hear her, as I have heard her, in the office of Messrs. Cook:—

"Now see here, I want to do everything that everybody

else has done. Don't you smile, young man, but just listen to me. I want to do the round trip to Windsor Castle and Stratford-on-Avon" (both the syllables of Avon are largely and deliberately pronounced), "and Birmingham, and Canterbury, and York and the Land's End. I don't care how you fix it so's you fix it for me to see everything that's to be seen. There's six of us—no, seven—Land sakes, I forgot my sister AMELIA—seven of us. There's myself—that's one—and the four children, ULYSSES (we named him for General GRANT) and THEODORE (he's for the PRESIDENT) and JOSEPHINE VASSAR and little AGNES MARTHA. That's five. Then there's AMELIA and Miss DRESSER, and that makes seven; and we want the best rates you can give, for we're going to do a mighty big business with your firm, young man, and if you treat us fair I'm bound to take tickets here for Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. You'd better start making up that list so's I can have it when I get back from this trip. And, see here, just you fix the hotels for us and have your agents on hand at the stations, and tell me if there's any ice-cream soda to be had in Stratford-on-Avon. ULYSSES can't get along without ice-cream soda, and if there's a candy-store anywhere JOSEPHINE's bound to find it. And, see here—" so the stream runs on, and in the end the American Mother gets everything she wants, and travels victoriously through England on a round trip never before devised.

With such women, and there are many of them, America ought to be able to accomplish anything. Yet it must be observed that, though they are as rocks of granite in the presence of hotel-managers, cab-drivers, and all kinds of officials, they are mere wax in the hands of their stern and determined children. Whatever ULYSSES asks for he always gets, and THEODORE is equally fortunate in the fulfilment of his desires. JOSEPHINE VASSAR is never seen without a large box of chocolates, and AGNES MARTHA (aged 3) constantly soothes her infant troubles with handfuls of mixed sweets. They all take lunch, and not infrequently dinner, with their parent, and it is pleasant to see them tucking away roast chicken or cutlets at an hour when their tiny English cousins are safely in the land of Nod. They rule the American Mother with a rod of iron, and she submits to them with a meek resignation which might well serve as a pattern to English mothers. At last, after much travel and innumerable digestive feats, they return home and resume there those habits of despotism to which their European experiences have accustomed them. And it is quite certain that in the whole round of her travels, though distracted by her children and assailed by all the difficulties of effete European civilisations and unwonted languages, the American Mother will have held her own in face of the world, and will not have lost so much as a piece of muslin out of her pile of luggage. Here's wishing her the same strength to her elbow. More she couldn't have.

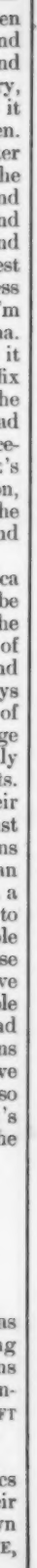
## To F. C. G. on his Knighthood.

A LIBERAL bumper to "The Only Asset!"

And Mr. Punch, with glass aloft, cries "Placet!"

The *Cork Constitution* quotes Father BERNARD VAUGHAN as follows:—"Women, whose dainty feet were set upon a rung high up the social ladder, were easily condoned those sins for which their sisters lower down would be severely condemned and tattooed." We hope this will catch Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL's eye.

The *Daily Mirror*, in describing the hunt for two lunatics near Bexley, says: "The escaped lunatics had shown their cunning by throwing away their red ties, which are known in the district as the lunatic badges." Mr. KEIR HARDIE, however, never thought much of Bexley.



en  
and  
and  
y,  
it  
en.  
her  
and  
and  
and  
est  
ss  
m  
a.  
it  
fix  
he  
ad  
e-  
t's  
n,  
he  
and  
  
ca  
be  
he  
of  
and  
ys  
of  
ge  
ly  
ts.  
eir  
st  
ns  
un  
a  
to  
le  
se  
ve  
le  
ad  
ns  
ve  
so  
's  
he  
  
as  
g  
ns  
n-  
FT  
  
cs  
ir  
yn  
E,

en  
and  
and  
y,  
it  
en.  
her  
and  
and  
and  
est  
ss  
m  
a.  
it  
fix  
he  
ad  
e-  
t's  
n,  
he  
and  
  
ca  
be  
he  
of  
and  
ys  
of  
ge  
ly  
ts.  
eir  
st  
ns  
un  
a  
to  
le  
se  
ve  
le  
ad  
ns  
ve  
so  
's  
he  
  
as  
g  
ns  
n-  
FT  
  
cs  
ir  
yn  
E,







### ANOTHER IRISH GRIEVANCE.

*Kindhearted Protestant Vicar.* "WHAT IS THE MATTER, MY CHILD?"

*Aggrieved Native (not recognising unfamiliar voice).* "TIS THE WAY THE BOYS HAVE GONE TO STEAL THE CLERGYMAN'S STRAWBERRIES WHILE HE'S UP AT THE CHURCH BEYANT, AND THEY WON'T TAKE ME WID 'EM."

### SIBYLLA BRITANNICA.

(From her Town House near Whitehall.)

SIR,—I am ordered to advert  
To your complaint about a shirt  
And trousers which were torn last May,  
I note, in Hammersmith Broadway,  
While you, intent O.H.M.S.,  
Driving a Parcel Post Express,  
Did not perceive a rusty nail  
Protruding from the Royal Mail,  
Which, penetrating to the seat  
Of all the trouble—I repeat,  
You did not at the time perceive  
What should have made you promptly  
leave

Your place, at risk of starting late,  
And fill up Form 298  
Provided for a case like this,  
Which no employé ought to miss  
Who understands official matters,—  
And so your clothes were torn to tatters!

The Board exceedingly regret  
The circumstance, but cannot let  
Your ignorance of "*comme il faut*,"  
Or what Officials ought to know,  
Provide you at the Nation's cost  
With what you never need have lost.  
A minute has been duly made,

And will officially be laid  
Before the Board; a time and place  
Arranged for you to state your case.  
I do not think you could do better  
Than wait on them and read this letter.  
And—though the phrase seem somewhat  
fervent—  
I am, Sir, Your obedient servant.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is reported that Mr. GEORGE MOORE is so much incensed by correspondents who confuse him with his namesake, the namby-pamby Irish melodist, that he is thinking seriously of changing his name to BENvenuto CASANOVA. We understand that his new romance, entitled *My Shambles*, is being extensively stocked by the booksellers of the Chicago packing houses.

The Dowager Duchess of PANGBOURNE, who has recently joined the hatless brigade, will shortly publish a collection of golfing stories, entitled *Wigs on the Green*. Professor SIMS WOODHEAD will contribute a short introduction, and there will be a number of instantaneous

photographs of the Grand Duke MICHAEL, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Lord HALSBURY, and other famous golfers, illustrating the correct and incorrect attitude for different strokes.

A new weekly illustrated journal will shortly appear under the pleasing title of *The Blue Blood Book*. A number of gifted and highly-placed personages have joined the editorial staff, including Mrs. LONGWORTH, the KAISER, Lady WARWICK (who will edit the Socialist page with Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P.), the Duke of FIFE, who will write on *Weird Wind Instruments of the Western Hebrides*; and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, who will discourse on *Aristocratic Tombstones*.

Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN's new novel *The Dumpling*, the opening scene of which is laid in an opium den, has happily inaugurated a reaction against the morbidly introspective nomenclature so prevalent in contemporary fiction.

Amongst forthcoming novels on the list of Messrs. TROTTER AND STOUT we notice *Sausages and Mashed*, by Sir ALBERT PORKER, and *Cow's Heel Romances*, by IAN MCCOCKETT.

## CHARIVARIA.

THE removal of the War Office Department from Pall Mall to Whitehall will begin shortly. The suggestion that the authorities should sell the furniture in use at the old building and repurchase it at an enhanced price for the new one has been declined.

We hear that a novelty shortly to be introduced at one of our Music Halls will be a man who will eat a quantity of American tinned meat in full view of the audience. He will call himself "The Human Ostrich II."

It is rumoured that Mr. FREDERIC COWEN, by way of appreciation of his success at the Crystal Palace, will shortly have a Handel to his name.

Nowadays, we suppose, we all suffer from swollen heads. Anyhow, three specimens of the Microcephalous or Small-head type, now on exhibition at a London Music Hall, are described as belonging to "a strange, unfamiliar, people."

The *Times* draws attention to the case of a man of pronounced Saxon colour and build who is gradually acquiring all the physical features of an Oriental. Curiously enough only the other day the reverse process took place at one of our popular seaside resorts. It was an Ethiopian minstrel who was caught in the rain without an umbrella.

With reference to the impending legislation in regard to the control of news in war-time, the Government, it is stated, has given an assurance that the proposed regulations shall not be applicable in the case of a small war. If we remember rightly, the Boer War was regarded as a small-sized one—at first.

When passing near "The Cat and Fiddle," Buxton, a motor-car shot across the road into a limestone wall, went through the wall, and rolled over and over down the hill-side until it was brought up by another wall 240 feet below. None of the three passengers was much injured, but The Dangerous Performances Act will be useful if it discourages such foolhardy feats.

By-the-by, we understand that even if the Dangerous Performances Bill be passed, the Government will persist in its attempt to force the Education Bill on the country.

The fact that proceedings have been taken against a native of Westmeath for living under the same roof with his

calves has caused a certain amount of consolatory satisfaction to persons with wooden legs.

The recent Funeral Freak Dinner, though a pretty fancy, was scarcely the novelty which the promoter imagined it to be. We have more than once been present at a Dinner Party the chief feature of which has been the decorous solemnity which one usually associates with obsequies.

Although part of the proposal was that a portion of the proceeds should go in diminution of the rates, an offer to transfer the entire Poplar Inquiry to the stage of a well-known house of light entertainment has been rejected petulantly by all concerned.

The Basford (Notts) Board of Guardians has decided to keep fowls in preference to pigs. We fancy that a similar change will have to be made at Poplar.

In America the resentment caused by Mr. WINTER, the English tailor, being commissioned to advise as to American Army uniforms has died out, owing to a more interesting scandal having arisen. WINTER, in fact, has been forgotten owing to the THAWES.

The Home Office has ordered Colonial tinned meat to be used in future in our convict establishments. A number of prisoners had threatened to leave unless the change were made.

What are described as "Corridor Milk Trains" are to be run on the London and North Western Railway. The prospect of additional comfort has, we understand, given the liveliest satisfaction to the milk microbes, many of which foolish creatures are already picturing themselves, in their heated imaginations, as moving freely up and down the train on their way to town.

## Inciting to Crime.

"THE lad was described as lazy; and when his mother asked him to go to work he threatened to smash her brains out. The case was adjourned for three weeks in order to give the lad another chance."

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—"For the second time this year Lancashire were defeated yesterday."

*Manchester Guardian.*

"Vicarage to let. One servant kept; 800 ft. above sea; pretty."—*Standard.*

"TALL and good-looking" is the more usual formula for parlour-maids.

## PERILS OF THE PURSE.

[As recorded in "Septic Hints" (last issue of *Punch*) attention has been drawn to the risk of infection involved in the handling of money.]

I WOULD not lose, I dare not win!  
So cards I used to revel in  
(Poker, or Bridge, or Euchre)  
Must be taboo, for I of late  
Rightly begin to estimate  
The filthiness of lucre.

Oh avarice! whose eager tooth  
Of old was keen to fix frail youth,  
And potent to enchant age,  
Now science sets your victims free,  
Since all your baits appear to be  
But coins of disadvantage.

Yet, kindly Editor, I pray  
Grudge not my verse its wanted pay;  
Though *B. M. J.* or *Lancet*  
Asserts the power of gold to kill,  
Yet do not spare me, Sir,—I will  
Heroically chance it.

## 'COLFERS AS I AVE KNOWN.'

(By a Caddie.)

II.

THERE's some as takes their golf too seerius fer their strength, like that pore old Mister GIGGINGTON, of 'oom I've told yer, and there's some as don't take it seerius enuff. Under this 'eading I places Mister 'ERMINIUS BRELLETT. 'E's what they call a litterry cove in privit life, and, wifout wishing to be undoolly 'arsh, I must say as I beleeves it of 'im. Strike me pink, if I didn't know as 'e was litterry, I should go away sometimes after 'earing 'im talk, and swear a hinfermashun of loonacy agin 'im! But CHAWLEY MARTIN, one of our caddies, 'oo once spoke quite hintermate and friendly like wif a reporter feller, in connesshun wif a biking accerdent caused by CHAWLEY's unforchernate pashun fer trick riding, ses as 'ow all these pore riters is alike. So you and me should only pity them. As fer 'is golf, ex-sentrick ain't the word fer it. 'E stands wif both 'is feet quite klose together, springs 'igh into the air wif a tremenjus swing, and strikes the ball afore 'e comes to earth agin. The erstonishing thing is that 'e does strike it abart once in three, and when 'e does it goes like old Gewillikins. It just shows as there ain't no rules abart some people's golf. But the sad part is as 'e's quite proud of 'is stile, insted of laberring to kerrect it under my tewishun.

"I'm a mishonnery, a pyoneer of golf, 'ENERV," 'e ses to me quite recent. "Ow I plays it to-day, the rest of the silly 'ide-bound creetures will play it to-morrow," 'e ses.

"Let's 'ope not, Sir," I ses, quite



respectfull and reely meaning the words; fer, if yer think of it, a course full of Mister 'ERMINIUS BRELLETTs would be an 'iddeous sight. 'E glared at me fer a moment quite dangerous, and then 'e began to larf. What wif 'is livver, at which 'e 's allus cussing, and 'is kurious 'arf-irriterble, 'arf-manniackal temper, I can tell yer 'e takes some 'andling. But 'ENERY WILKS knows 'is 'ERMINIUS BRELLETT by this time.

"Your one chawnce of fime, you retched child," 'e ses, and I found 'is stile of speaking jest a little gorling. "will rest on the fact that you karried the clubs of 'ERMINIUS BRELLETT, pyoneer of golf and unerpresiated riter of him-mortal books," 'e ses. Well, yer can't argue wif a man like that. Yer can only yumour 'im by respectfull silence, and be reddy all the time to dodge if 'is manyer turns 'ommersidal all of a sudden.

'E took on Mister WASHER the other day, a member 'oom both 'e and I 'ave little liking fer. At least, I can arnser fer meself. Fer 'e 's one of your pom-pus, strutting sort of fellers, 'oo thinks 'e 's good at golf, but ain't. I 'eard 'im chalenge Mister BRELLETT to play a rarrnd fer 'arf-a-crown, and a less skilful stoodent of yuman nature than 'ENERY WILKS could 'ave told as they didn't love each other. I 'ad a privit tuppence on the match meself, wif old WASHER's caddy, although not very 'opeful. 'Ow-ever, when 'ENERY WILKS' money is down, as the sying is, 'e 's 'ard to beat.

But things went badly wif us from the start. I could see as 'ow Mister BRELLETT was wurried abart somethink, and in addition to that 'e was acktaly trying to play a keerful, scientiffick gime. Oh, lumme, it was orful, I can tell yer! We was skarcely touching a ball, and old WASHER, as pleased as a turkey-kock but far less hornimental, was playing right above 'isself. Fer a man like meself, 'oo'd staked above 'is means, it was 'art-breaking. We lost five 'oles bang orf, and then Mister BRELLETT spoke 'arf to me and 'arf to 'isself as we walked to the sixth tee.

"It 's all that cussed nime!" 'e ses. "If I could only think of that, I'd be orlright. A female nime fer a kerrecter in my new book. 'ENERY, what 's the nime of your yung woman?" 'e ses, joking like. Well, love ain't much in my line, me ambishuns not letting me 'amper meself wif wimmen, but still a feller 'as to keep 'is 'and in. I won't say as I 'aven't been more run after than most, but some'ow that ain't one of my temptashuns. 'Ow-ever, more to please 'er than meself, I lets one of them, jest a school kiddy, walk out wif me at times. She means well, I do believe, but I 've allus reckoned as 'ow 'er nime 's agin 'er.



### TAKING TO MEAT.

"HULLO! I'VE FOUND YOU OUT AT LAST! YOU, A FERVENT VEGETARIAN, TUCKING INTO A RUMP-STEAK!"

"I'M STEADFAST AS REGARDS MY PRINCIPLES; BUT ETHEL'S THROWN ME OVER, AND I'M TIRED OF LIFE!"

"HERVANGELINE'S 'er nime, Mister BRELLETT," I ses, deprerkating like. "But she can't 'elp it," I ses.

"By Jewpiter!" 'e owls. "HERVANGELINE'S the very nime I 've been 'unting for. And now I'll win this match!" 'e ses.

"You'll win it orlright, Sir," I ses, earnest like. "But, for 'evin's sake, stop playing scientiffick! Play the old gime as you 're pyoneer on, Sir," I ses.

"I beleeve as 'ow you 're right, 'ENERY," 'e ses, thoughtful like; and then we come to the tee and watched old WASHER drive 'is yusual straight, shortish ball. Then Mister BRELLETT grips 'is club, takes 'is yusual wicked, himmoril stance, springs 'igh into the air wif an 'arf-styffed yell, and, by Gewil-

likins, drives sich a ball as the pro. 'isself might 'ave been proud on! It knocked the kowardly 'art out of old WASHER, did that tremenjous drive; and 'e 's a man as only plays 'is best when 'e 's winning easy. They 'ad a narsty lead, but we stuck to 'em like wax, 'itting a turriffick ball once out of three, or even oftener, and we won at last quite 'andsomely by three and two.

I remember as I bought bull's-eyes fer HERVANGELINE wif that 'ere tuppence, becos in a meshure, as you may say, she 'd 'ad an 'and in the winning of it. 'Ow-ever, wif a jenerosity unyusual in wimmen, she hinsisted on sharing 'em wif 'ENERY WILKS, 'oos skilful leeder-ship 'ad reely won the match.

### LINES ON TOMKINS' AVERAGE.

OF TOMKINS as a natural cricketer  
It frequently has been remarked—that IF  
He'd had more opportunities of bowling,  
And rather more encouragement in batting:  
And IF his averages, so disclosed,  
Batting and bowling, had been interchanged:  
And IF the field as usually set  
Contained some post (at the pavilion end)  
Whose presence rather than a pair of hands  
Was called for; then, before the season finished,  
TOMKINS would certainly have played for Kent.

All this, however, is beside the mark.  
Just now I wish to hymn the glorious day  
(Ignored by those who write the almanacs,  
Unnoticed by the calendar compiler),  
That Wednesday afternoon twelve months ago  
When TOMKINS raised his average to 2.

Thanks to an interval of accidents  
(As "TOMKINS did not bat"—and "not out 0,"  
But this more rarely) TOMKINS' average  
Had long remained at 1.3.  
(Though TOMKINS, sacrificing truth to pride,  
Or both to euphony, left out the dot—  
Left out the little dot upon the three,  
Only employing it to justify  
A second 3 to follow on the first.  
Thus, if a stranger asked his average,  
TOMKINS would answer 1.33—  
Nor lay the stress unduly on the "one" . . .).

A curious thing is Custom! There are men—  
PLUM WARNER is, of course, a case in point—  
Who cannot bat unless they go in first.  
Others, as HAYES and DENTON, have their place  
First wicket down; while Number Six or so  
Is suited best to JESSOP. As for TOMKINS,  
His place was always one above the Byes,  
And three above the Wides. So Custom willed.

Upon this famous Wednesday afternoon  
Wickets had fallen fast before the onslaught  
Of one who had, as EUCLID might have put it,  
No length, or break, but only pace. And pace  
Had been too much for nine of them already.  
Then entered TOMKINS the invincible,  
Took guard as usual, "just outside the leg,"  
Looked round the field, and mentally decided  
To die—or raise his average to two.  
Whereon, for now the bowler was approaching,  
He struck a scientific attitude,  
Advanced the left leg firmly down the pitch,  
And swung his bat along the line A B.  
(See RANJITSINGHI's famous book of cricket).  
And when the bat and leg were both at B.  
(Having arrived there more or less together)  
Then TOMKINS, with his usual self-effacement,  
Modestly closed his eyes, and left the rest  
To Providence and RANJY and the bowler  
(Forming a quorum); two at least of whom  
Resolved that he should neatly glide the ball  
Somewhere between the first and second slips.  
So TOMKINS did compile a chanceless two.

Once more the bowler rushed upon the crease,  
While TOMKINS made a hasty calculation  
(Necessitating use of decimals)  
And found his average was 1.5.

So lustily he smote, and drove the ball  
Loftily over long stop's head for one;  
Which brought the decimal to 75,  
And TOMKINS, puffing, to the other end.  
Where, feeling that the time for risks was come,  
He played back to a yorker, and was bowled.

Every position has its special charm.  
You go in first, and find as a reward  
The wicket at its best; you go in later  
And find the fielders slack, the bowling loose.  
TOMKINS, who went in just above the Byes,  
Found one of them had slipped into his score.  
'Tis wise to take the good the gods provide you—  
And TOMKINS has an average of 2.

### THE COMPLETE (PROCLAMATION) LETTER-WRITER.

[It is reported that the words "Tremble and Obey" are to be deleted from the Government Proclamations in the Chinese compounds.]

WE understand that the Cabinet has been sitting daily in order to compile an official Complete Letter-Writer for the use of his Majesty's Government on future occasions. By the kindness of the PRIME MINISTER we are enabled to give one or two specimens of the new method.

1. All future proclamations intended for posting in the Chinese compounds to end,

"With much love,  
Yours very affectionately."

2. Police regulations for traffic on the occasions of Royal processions, Lord Mayor's Shows, &c., to begin:

"Will the public be so very good as to take notice that the following streets will be closed to traffic, &c.," and to end,  
"With kindest regards from the Force."

3. In the public parks such notices as "Keep Off The Grass," "No Dogs Allowed," &c., to run:

"The Commissioner of Woods presents his compliments to the public and earnestly hopes, &c., &c."

4. Tax and Rate-papers to begin:

"DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,  
It is once more my duty to send in my little account," and to end,

"Hoping this will not inconvenience you. Believe me,  
Your affectionate old friend."

Receipts to be signed,

"Yours lovingly and gratefully."

It is hoped that the example of the Government may spread to other public bodies, so that we may see such notices as "Persons are requested not to walk about the Abbey during the time of service" rendered more pleasing by some such pendant as,

"With kindest regards, in which the Chapter joins,  
Believe me, Ever affectionately yours,

J. ARMITAGE-ROBINSON,  
(Your Dean).

"At the Morfa Colliery, the scene of a terrible disaster years ago, props and debris fell in the workings, and then ran helter-skelter to the shaft, and were drawn up pale and trembling."—*The Standard*.

"CIRCULAR SAWYER wanted . . . must be a thorough all-round man; also two Lads, to pull out."—*Gloucester Citizen*.

The advertiser seems very arbitrary as to the shape of his employés.

"INSPECTOR PIERS added that prisoner was evidently on his beam ends, and though he did not press the case, it was yet a dangerous practice."—*Teesdale Mercury*.





Short-sighted Lady Golfer. "Hi! HAVE YOU SEEN A GOLF-BALL FALL ANYWHERE HERE, PLEASE?" [Victim regards ball with remaining eye.]

### IF PIGS HAD WINGS.

[A suggestion to "road hogs," in view of the craze for ballooning.]

SCORCHERS who set the pace that hums,  
And heedless of your bones and purses  
Consider speed, till it becomes  
A kind of spell—resembling Grace's,  
Here is a field for broken limbs,  
An opportunity to owe bills,  
Whose danger positively dims  
Your 100 h.-p. automobiles!

In moting—a delirious sense,  
And somewhat hard for words to cap-  
ture—

The peril plus the blown expense,  
We take it, constitute the rapture:  
These are the consolations which  
Attend one as the evening closes,  
And make a rather brambly ditch  
Approximate to beds of roses;—

But, now that petrol-tanks are stale  
And lose their old delightful flavour,  
Balloons in the ascendant scale  
May be submitted to your favour:

The cost of the concern is high  
(We cannot stop to give the data),  
And thrills of danger surely lie  
Among the atmospheric strata.

We grant you that the sudden curve,  
The cropping kine, the heedless  
peasant—

Those triumphs of a chauffeur's nerve  
That made a rapid run so pleasant—  
These things are gone; admired by  
HODGE

You soar above his grateful vision  
To places where the fauna dodge  
With most remarkable precision.

Heroes who joined a heart so stout  
To stories so sublimely graphic,  
There you must plod along without  
Impinging on the local traffic;  
The courage that on earth you spent  
In victories like that of PYRRHUS  
Will count it a supreme event  
To cannon up against a cirrus.

Yet mark the point we wish to urge.  
Suppose a Panhard goes to pieces,

The sportsman may with luck emerge  
And straighten out his spinal creases;  
But here, although the route may tire,  
Conceive for one ecstatic minute  
Collision with a careless spire,—  
And automobiles are not in it!

It is customary, with some people, to  
look down upon lawn tennis as a game  
only for the unathletic. The following  
paragraph from the *Mail* should put a  
stop to all sneers of this kind:—

"Miss DOUGLASS, we will say, goes up to the  
net and volleys one of Miss SUTTON's returns.  
What led to it the looker-on, learning with  
intelligence, will remember, was the stroke two  
or three weeks back that first got Miss SUTTON  
'on the run.'"

Miss SUTTON seems to have had a busy  
fortnight.

THE KING'S FORCES.  
GREAT DESTRUCTION OF EMERGENCY RATIONS.  
STAFF COLLEGE DINNER.  
"Standard" headlines.



AUNT JANE COMPLAINS THAT SHE CANNOT GET THESE NEW MOTOR BUSES TO STOP WHEN SHE SIGNALS TO THEM!

**THE BILLINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.**

["My love to them all (her friends), and tell them they must not fret about me. I am happy. Everybody is kind to me. Only tell them that when I can receive letters they must write me yards—miles! Oh, how I shall devour them! Mind you tell them to write every little bit of news they can think of."]

*Miss Billington (in prison).]*

DEAREST,—I don't suppose the horrid warder will let you have this letter, but I write all the same. First let me commiserate with you on this cowardly act of leniency on the part of the Home Secretary, incited thereto by our arch enemy the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who doubtless hopes by so doing to buy our silence and submission. How little he knows us, this Cavendish Square traitor!

Well, dear, there is only one course open for you, and that is to refuse to accept the reduction and serve the full time. That would show them what we women are made of. How I wish I was with you inside those terrible walls! I did my best to get there, as you would have seen had you not yourself been so busy accomplishing the same end (but how gloriously successfully!) by smacking the P.C. I smacked mine, too; but he did not complain of it, which just shows that it's not so much the fracture of a man-made law that matters as the fracturer. Oh, how unjust it all is! I could scream for the injustice of it!

Do not fear, dearest, that the great fight will slacken during the time you are being stretched on the rack and flogged at the treadmill and starved on bread-and-water and skilly. Everything is in train. England shall see what it loses in not entrusting us with votes. We are arranging hundreds of demonstrations to that end. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is the next victim. Was it not he who urged us to attack Mr. ASQUITH? Some dense persons say this was a joke; but nothing is a joke to a true suffragette. We are going for him tooth and nail—and going for the PRIME MINISTER, too, and Mr. GLADSTONE.

There is nothing like hysterical violence to show people how admirably suited we are to have the franchise. They will ask themselves why we are so wrought up about it, and the answer naturally will be that if we are like this because we do not get what we want we should be just the opposite if we did get it. That is logic; and once they see that they will begin to be more reasonable; and then, dear, what times for us! Then what laws we will make for man!

I suppose you would call yourself First Lady of the Treasury. That is natural enough; but we had a discussion last night over the word Minister. Would you be known as the Prime Minister, or Prime Ministress? I am

inclined to prefer Minister. The other style seems to lay too much stress on our sex. I am wondering whether I would take the War Office or the Home Office; and then again I wonder, since I am always so complimented on my marketing management, whether the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is not my real work. It would be so pleasant, too, to supplant Mr. ASQUITH.

I don't suppose they will let you answer this; but perhaps by this time you have got round your warder or have trained a spider to carry messages to the outer world. I never could bear spiders before; but once one has become a real martyr and assumed the broad arrow one recognises their use. If you can answer this, give us some precious watchword from your dungeon cell. Let it be my privilege to announce it to the others. What do you think of

Charge, sisters, charge!

On, BILLINGTON!?

That would ring out rather well in Cavendish Square.

Yours to the death in the great cause,  
FANNY COOINGTON.

P.S.—I forgot to say that while you are away I am wearing your new hat. I know you won't mind, dear. It suits me beautifully, but I have had to add another feather. I also borrowed your new muslin dress yesterday for a garden party.



### A PIRATE CRAFT.

T. P. O'CONNOR (*Captain of War Sloop in chase*). "THE ROGUES! THIS OUGHT TO SINK 'EM!"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday night.*—Walking in Battersea Park this morning, came across ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. Like Bottom, though in quite another way, he was transformed. Had with remarkable success got himself up as Hamlet, to evident discomfiture of children, who wanted to ask him what time it was. Seeing him frown and strut and gather closer round him his inky cloak, good mother, they ran off to get information from other passers-by.

As I walked behind him I heard him murmur:

"'May' be or 'shall' be, that, Sir, is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous Mac-NAMARA, or to take him in my arms And by compression end him."

"What is the matter?" I asked, touching him on the shoulder.

"Murder's the matter," he answered, turning on me a glance which but for the beneficent influence of the spectacles might have been frenzied.

(Never saw Hamlet in spectacles before. Rather effective. FORBES ROBERTSON should try them on.)

"Here am I," continued ST. AUGUSTINE, "giving the best days of my comparative youth to carry a Bill that shall solve



HAMLET IN BATTERSEA PARK.

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!"

(Rt. Hon. A-g-st-ne B-rr-ll.)



"THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS  
MACNAMARA."

(It isn't Our Artist's fault if the Doctor looks like a distinguished Oriental. He is gradually turning black from "over-exposure" on various golf links.)

Education question, and I am sniped from the rear of our own camp. Expected PRINCE ARTHUR and his few but merry men to open fire in front. REDMOND *ainé* also is within his right in denouncing our scheme so long as he is quite sure his rhetorical opposition will not endanger the Bill. But for MACNAMARA and others of our own men to queer my pitch is more than I can bear with patience. Thought I would revisit the glimpses of Battersea Park, where, you remember, I worked up a few impromptus for my speech on moving Second Reading of Bill. You thought of turning off here? Well, perhaps 'twere well. There are moments when great souls would be alone."

I had said nothing about turning off. That by the way.

Wrapping his inky cloak tighter round his bulging waist, he strode off, remarking:

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!"

*Business done.*—In Committee on Education Bill. Clause 4, the crux of it, reached. It proposes that under

certain conditions the Local Authorities may grant extended facilities to meet demand for denominational teaching. EVELYN CECIL moves amendment substituting "shall" for "may," thus making the provision mandatory.

*Tuesday night.*—House crowded. More appearance of animation on Benches than seen since Education Bill taken in hand. Still debating EVELYN CECIL's amendment to Clause 4. BIRRELL decidedly bucked up. Has profited by yesterday's meditations in a riverside park. Opens debate in good fighting form. Intimates to whom it may concern on either side that Government are at end of concessions. Will stand by the clause with their own amendments indicated on the paper.

Speech had useful effect.

"Nothing," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "is more detrimental to fortunes of a Government Bill than uncertainty as to the extent to which Ministers are squeezable. As long as there is chance or hope of getting another bit out of them Opposition peg away, debate is prolonged, time and temper lost."



"JOEY" GOES FOR DR. CLIFFORD.

"I notice that he (Dr. Clifford) appears to speak of me generally by my Christian name; he said they all knew what 'Joey' wanted."

"I am not certain that Dr. Clifford knows all I want, but he is quite right if he thinks I want a General Election on this question as soon as possible."

Pretty incident varied acrid course of debate. Since House got into Committee on Bill C-B. has been in rare attendance. House sympathetically cognisant of the reason. It knows that to the burden of Empire the PRIME MINISTER has added domestic anxieties that cause him to keep long vigil in a sick room. This afternoon, in voice threatening to break down with emotion, he half apologised for his abstention from Parliamentary duties, tenderly touching on the cause. Murmur of sympathy rose to prolonged enthusiastic cheer, joined in by all sections of Party. Presently PRINCE ARTHUR made opportunity of expressing on behalf of himself and his friends the kindly feeling that animated them towards a political adversary with whom they were at the moment in deadly grip.

This is one of the things the House always does well. The outburst was unpremeditated, spontaneous, hearty. It was more than a token of sympathy in circumstances whose touch of nature makes the whole world kin. It was testimony to appreciation of personal qualities that, mellowing in the sunlight of prosperity, promise to make

C-B. one of the most popular Leaders the House has known.

*Business done.*—On proposal to substitute "shall" for "may" in Clause 4, Government majority run down to 103. Exultation on Opposition Benches tumultuous. Not exactly turning out the Ministry, you know, or even likely to compel them to drop the Bill. But 100 is only a third of a majority of 300. Which nobody can deny.

*Friday night.*—To old Members—alack! there are not many left of the period—CORBETT's motion for enquiry into Conventual Institutions recalls two familiar figures long vanished from the scene. One was NEWDEGATE, the other Major O'GORMAN. Thirty years ago NEWDEGATE annually brought in a similar resolution. It was regularly snuffed out by big majorities; incidentally it brought the MAJOR to the front.

On a June night, in the session of 1874, NEWDEGATE having made his motion, there rose from the Irish Benches a figure of Falstaffian proportions. This was the MAJOR, then unknown to fame. Mopping his forehead, he announced himself "utterly opposed altogether" to the appointment of these Royal Commissions. And why?

"I'll tell you why," the MAJOR thundered.

He proceeded in dramatic manner to imagine "one of these Royal Commissioners" going to a convent and demanding admission. The door opens. A nun appears; the Commissioner asks her what are her station and quality.

"My sire, Sir," she answered, "was a king. My mother was the daughter of the Sixth JAMES of Scotland and the First JAMES of England. His mother, Sir, was Queen Regent of Scotland."

The House listened in breathless attention as the burly MAJOR further climbed the genealogical tree. With theatrical instinct he, speaking for this still anonymous nun, attempted to attune his voice to the mincing manner of woman.

"Sir, I had a brother," he continued. The brother having, like the nun's father or mother—it was not clear which—been mysteriously disposed of, the MAJOR, taking a fresh breath, proceeded:

"Sir, I had a sister." The gallant Member stood silently impassive whilst the House roared with laughter. When it partially subsided, he added, "Her name was SOPHIA."

There was end of opportunity and the allegory. After gazing for some moments on the tumultuous scene the MAJOR sat down, his story, like that of CAMBUSCAN bold, left half told.

Nothing of this rich humour glinted on debate on CORBETT's motion. The passing of a glass of stout to him midway in his speech was a poor jest compared with Major O'GORMAN's mellifluous unconscious humour.

*Business done.*—Land Tenure Bill discussed.



A PRETTY SUBSTANTIAL SHADE (1874).

"Her name was Sophia."

(Major O'G-TM-N.)



**OCHONE!**

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a loyal and patriotic Hibernian I wish to protest in the strongest terms against the atrocious and unchivalrous conduct of a section of the Dublin Corporation. From a report of the proceedings of that body in *The Irish Times* I gather that the widow MALONE, who for many years had done the carting of the Corporation, was deprived of that privilege last January by the order of the Paving Committee. Worse still, the High Sheriff, Mr. MADDEN, on being recently called upon for an explanation, stated that from the information he had received Mrs. MALONE *did not exist!* So far from her being a poor widow, "she was a married woman named CONNOLLY, having a horse and cart, which was not her property at all, but the property of her mother, Mrs. CORCORAN, who lived in Newmarket." Just think what these odious insinuations amounted to! If the widow MALONE was in reality Mrs. CONNOLLY, one of the finest Irish lyrics would be found to rest on an unsound metrical basis. CONNOLLY won't rhyme to "Ochone!" No wonder then that the action of the High Sheriff led to the issue of a circular which wound up with the following comprehensive denunciation of Mrs. MALONE's traducers:—

"May the grass wither from their feet, may the woods deny them shelter, earth a grave, and heaven a home!"

It is, therefore, with profound satisfaction that I note that, by the unanimous vote of the Committee of the whole House, the widow MALONE was restored to her post of carter to the Corporation, and that her identity was conclusively established on the evidence of that true patriot, Mr. Alderman KELLY.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
LUCIUS O'BRIEN (of Clare).

**BUSINESS COMBINED WITH PLEASURE.**

WHEN leisure irked, I once began

Collecting stamps to fill the void:

A hobby seemed the wisest plan,

As I was rich and unemployed.

My philatelic craze was strong,

But did not satisfy me long.

Accordingly, to have a change,

Old books and prints in turn I bought;

But these required too wide a range

Of knowledge—I was often "caught."

When expert critics scorned my stuff,

I thought the game not good enough.

I find it, now, quite easy, though,

To make the test that fear enjoins,

For all my fortune's "lost," and so

I'm hard at work collecting coins.

No dark suspicion clouds my mind:

They are the useful, modern kind!

**"IS OTTER-HUNTING CRUEL?"**

(Vide correspondence in the papers.)

AFTER HAVING BEEN SET FOR AN HOUR TO WATCH A—SO-CALLED—"SHALLOW," DURING A NORTH-EAST WIND, ACCOMPANIED BY SOME RAIN, SPILLIKINS HAS COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT UNDOUBTEDLY IS.

THE new Yellow River Bridge which, according to *The Daily Graphic*, is 1863 miles from end to end, was rashly described in these pages as the most wonderful engineering feat in the world. *The Southern Press*, however, tells us that on the Canadian Pacific Railway "one of the most difficult bits of the route is spanned by a bridge 5000 miles above the level of the sea."

NOTICE IN A SHOP IN FREIBURG.—"Here they spike the English." Is this a phase of the Anglo-German *entente*?

"GEORGE HIRST'S Toffee" is now selling on all cricket grounds. A correspondent calls our attention to this as something unusual; but we have always had P. F. WARNER'S Safe Cure, C. B. FRY'S Chocolate, S. H. DAY and H. MARTYN'S Blacking, and JESSOP'S Cricket Notes.

"Will any lady or gentleman find employment few days a week for practical gardener? Speaks French."—*Evening News*.

DANGEROUS: might encourage gossiping with the French beans.

## OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

## III.—FANCY WORK.

He occupied the hindmost seat on the off-side, and announced his presence by prodding my shoulder five or six times in rapid succession. I turned round hastily, and beheld a grimy little man with a grizzly beard, a short and very foul clay pipe in his mouth, and a general air of shabby unwholesomeness about his person.

"You'll 'scuse me," he began, with an apologetic smile.

"Not if you do that again," I interrupted savagely. "What do you want?"

"You'll 'scuse me," he repeated, "but I seem ter fairly smoke matches, some-ow. Yes," continued the grimy man, "there ain't a single light left in this 'ere box. An' it was full this mornin'. Rum, ain't it?"

"Gin, I should have thought," I murmured absently.

"'Ow much?" he asked, taking the pipe from his mouth.

"I beg your pardon; I was thinking aloud," I explained. "You want a light, I suppose?"

"If you *wouldn't* mind obligin'," replied the grimy man.

He took my proffered box, and applied a light to the charred remains of a pipeful of tobacco. Then, puffing vigorously, he made as if to return my matches, but suddenly paused and examined the dead ash in his pipe.

"It don't seem ter dorr right, does it?" he complained, looking dubiously at the almost empty bowl.

There was another pause.

"Aren't you rather a long time coming to the point?" I suggested mildly.

The grimy man eyed me uneasily for a moment, and then winked with an elaborate show of friendliness.

"You're a gent—one of the right sort," he observed; "I could see that directly I set eyes on yer."

As a tribute to the expressiveness of my shoulders the statement was not a little remarkable, and I murmured my acknowledgments.

"Yes," pursued the grimy man—"I

sez ter myself, 'E's a gent, and I lay 'e knows what good terbacker is. An' that bein' so, I sez, 'e can feel fer them as 'as left their terbacker at 'ome.' A thing like that might 'appen to anybody. It might be *you* as left yer terbacker at 'ome, and 'ad ter borrow orf o' me."

I admitted that such a contingency was possible, if not probable.

"So give an' take, is what I always sez," continued he. "'Elp a lame dorg over a stile, an' you'll never be sorry fer it. All good pals pull together. You unnerstan' me?"

I was able to assure the grimy man that I understood the general drift of his conversation, and by way of proof

have been a question or a statement of fact, I replied with a non-committal grunt.

"Whassay?" queried the grimy man.

"What did *you* say?" I asked curtly.

"I said, 'Whassay?'" responded my neighbour.

"Yes, I know; but what did you say before that?"

My neighbour groped silently in the thickening haze of his ideas.

"I said, 'Bizness gerrin' berrer,'" he replied at length.

"So I believe," I said, but without the assurance of absolute faith.

"My trade mushabout 'samesbefore,'" volunteered my persecutor. "Speshul trade; always fluck-flushuatin', though. Sutthink crool!"

I murmured my sympathies.

"P'raps you dunno what my trade is?" he queried.

I could have made a shrewd guess, but preferred to plead ignorance on the subject.

"My line's fency work," he replied.

"Something to do with palings?" I hazarded.

"No, *fency* work," he insisted. "You know what fency work is, doncher?"

A light dawned on me. "Oh, *fancy* work. Well, I can quite believe it," I said.

"Thassit; fency work—that's my line," he replied thickly.

"And how long have you been doing . . . er, fancy work?" I asked, preparing to descend.

He was fast sinking into torpor.

"Since I was li'l boy," he murmured.

"I can quite believe it," I repeated, with growing assurance.

The bus had now drawn up at South Kensington Station.

"Good night," I added, as I brushed past him.

"Gooni," responded the grimy man.

I looked up at him from the pavement. He had already fallen into a stolid slumber—had, in fact, passed out of the realm of fancy or imagination (in which his life's work apparently lay) into that of dreams. The transition must always have been an easy one.



## SO INCONSIDERATE.

"JOVE! MIGHT HAVE KILLED US! I MUST HAVE A WIRE SCREEN FIXED UP."

handed him my open tobacco-pouch without further comment. He took a liberal palmful from it, cleaned and filled his pipe, carefully deposited the surplus tobacco, together with half-a-dozen matches, in his empty match-box, and returned my property with thanks that were almost Oriental in their effusiveness.

By this time—we were about half-way down the Fulham Road—my neighbour had begun to show signs of increasing embarrassment in his speech. To my discomfiture, he now left his place and seated himself beside me.

"Bizness gerrin' a bit berrer," he observed.

To this remark, which might equally



## 'ENLEY.

First Light-fingered Gent. "WELL, MY OLD COLLEGE PAL, WOT ARE YER DAHN 'ERE FOR—THE LADIES' PLITE?"

Second Ditto. "NO. THE DIAMONDS!"

## THE BEST ACTORS SERIES.

MR. ALEXANDER SWALLER.

(With apologies to a Contemporary.)

By a clemency and condescension too kind to overestimate, one of our staff has been privileged to enjoy an interview with Mr. ALEXANDER SWALLER, the great romantic actor, concerning whose habits and dramatic methods the pathetic British public never seems to tire.

Mr. SWALLER is the soul of conscientiousness. Having decided on his next play, he proceeds in due time to learn his part. This he does by reading it over and committing it to memory. Having learned it, he begins to consider how he will act it: what gestures he will employ, what facial expressions, and so forth. In order to get these to his mind SWALLER hit upon the novel plan of rehearsing them before a glass; for his watchword is Innovation. When an expression does not satisfy him, he tries another. The next thing is the costume, and here Mr. SWALLER has recourse to his costumer and his wig-maker. The part is then ready, and I need hardly say is a success.

In private life Mr. SWALLER is the soul of cordiality, and it goes without saying that there is no more popular figure on the stage or off it. All men have hobbies, and SWALLER is no exception; but here again he shows his forceful originality, for where other men go in for

motoring and golf SWALLER is addicted to golf and motoring. In golf he drives himself, but in motoring he has a chauffeur.

Mr. SWALLER has a capital library, chiefly of sixpenny novels, in which he is ever seeking for good dramatic motives. He also reads DUMAS for the same purpose. Always witty, one of his best known *mots* is the profound truth, "Every man has known one dramatic moment; but how few can write a play!"

Of all London's actors it is doubtful if anyone is more plagued by the autograph-hunter than Mr. SWALLER. Every day he receives a number of photographs and picture postcards to sign, confession albums from admirers who wish him to write a few words therein and post them back to the owners, never thinking of the trouble it gives. Mr. SWALLER's postage bill is said to mount up to many shillings a week. But this is one of the penalties of popularity, and in complying with so many requests Mr. SWALLER shows that he has the trait of good nature very strongly developed. Not satisfied with this, some even heard him in his home. Then there is the amateur playwright to deal with; and it may be said that Mr. SWALLER receives over twenty plays a week to read. "If only people would think before they begin to write plays, how much easier it would be for the actor-manager," he once said. Some of those who have written plays

come to his house or the theatre, and insist on reading their effusions to him.

As regards intrusions of this nature, however, the high-water mark was reached a short time ago when, on arriving home from the theatre, after a *matinée*, Mr. SWALLER found his drawing-room full of ladies whom he had never seen in his life before. "We admire you so much," they exclaimed when he entered, "that we thought we must come and have a chat with you." Many besides Mr. ASQUITH would have taken umbrage thereat, but it is said that Mr. SWALLER provided them with tea, and did his best to entertain them. One has to be a great romantic actor or hairy musician to get this kind of homage. It never happened to a stockbroker or an editor.

In short, we have in Mr. ALEXANDER SWALLER the *preux chevalier* of the time, or, at any rate, of the order, for we are proposing to describe Mr. LEWIS GEORGE in our next number, and we shall want to dip once again in the superlatives reservoir then, and again the week after.

"WANTED, to Hire, a small Hand Coffee Van for Pea Picking. Address Rev. C."—*Church Times*.

WE suppose they do this sort of thing in *The Church Times*, when they want to let off their feelings on the Education Bill. It is quite harmless, really.



### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HAROLD BINDLOSS' latest book (published by F. V. WHITE) is called *Beneath Her Station*, but I cannot think why. The heroine, *Millicent*, is a "companion," and she marries *Derrick Weland*, who is a gin-trader in West Africa. *Derrick*, however, was a very fine fellow, and the owner of a wonderful Ju-ju (Ju-ju is not the same as Ju-jitsu, though almost as useful). He led the British troops against the rebellious *Kwaka*, defeating him with heavy slaughter, nor ever a question asked in the House of Commons. When you have read the book you will refuse to admit that it was *Millicent* who married beneath her station. Perhaps it was *Addy*. *Addy* became the wife of *Konnoto*, who was a native king, and probably a Varsity man. *Addy's* previous station had been that of a milliner's assistant; and though of course it is a beautiful calling, and though Society is Rotten, still *Konnoto* was hardly beneath that station, though possibly beneath her notice. However, we may let the thing pass, and proceed to my second objection; which is that Mr. BINDLOSS refers frequently to a horrible West African insect, which burrows into the sole of your foot, and stays there. It is called the jigger—and I don't wonder. The point is that I don't go to West Africa so long as the jigger is there, Empire or no Empire; Mr. BINDLOSS has spoilt the place for me. He has, however, (otherwise) written a fascinating book about an (otherwise) fascinating country.

The object of *The Making of an Orator* (METHUEN), as described by its author, is to indicate in popular language a course of practice in oratory based on his personal observation and experience in the House of Commons, at the Bar and on the platform. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER treats his subject with the authority of an expert. It is many years since he quitted the Parliamentary scene. But there still linger at Westminster recollections of his eloquent, picturesque, occasionally almost turbulent speech. He has made profound study of the masters of the art, and, writing nearly as well as he speaks, presents a valuable treatise, illuminated with examples of gems of oratory cut and polished, from the times of CICERO and DEMOSTHENES down to BURKE, COBDEN, BRIGHT, DISRAELI and GLADSTONE. One does not need intent or ambition to practise the art of oratory in order to enjoy this book.

In *The Sin of George Warrenner* MARIE VAN VORST

Describes a few years in the life

Of a man who, once patient and plodding, is forced  
To put on the pace by his wife.

She is beautiful, heartless, self-centred, and worse,

And, with never a touch of remorse,

She plays ducks and drakes with his honour and purse,  
And there's more than a hint of divorce.

Catastrophe follows, disgrace in its train,

Then calm—unexpected, but still

So achieved that the author convinces your brain  
With her deft psychological skill.

The book comes from HEINEMANN'S house; it is bound

To be read (though its binding is blue);

The price is six shillings, and, take it all round,

It's a very good money's worth, too.

*A Fair Insurgent* (WARD, LOCK) is a story of the Cretan troubles of 1897, and I fancy that when Mr. GEORGE HORTON set about writing it he made up his mind to produce a very brilliant work indeed. I can picture him taking out the note-book which accompanied him on his travels, and ticking

off phrases with a pencil. The result is that, in the early pages, metaphors and similes come tumbling like rocket-stars, and we get such sentences as this: "The waters of the bay, that lay like a rolling plain of green meadow grass and blood-red anemones in the dying sun, were shredded into lily-white foam by the ship's iron ploughshare, and hurled carelessly into the broad road that streamed out behind." Later on the air clears a little, and there is a somewhat incoherent tale of adventure, with a good deal of excellent local colour, a good deal of padding, some modern Greek (translated in brackets), and a plentiful sprinkling of atrocities, horrors, and love. In the end the other fellow marries her, and one is rather glad to get the thing settled.

### TRANSFORMATIONS.

["Beautiful bright auburn transformation, cost £12; sell £2 (good condition), or exchange farm produce."—*Advt. in Ladies' Paper.*]

I WELL remember how there dawned a day

When, with a candour that was simply horrid,

I, gazing in my mirror, heard it say

The locks were growing scander on my forehead;

I was, in short, appalled

To realise that I was growing bald.

Then, when my soul lay sick with sudden dread

And all my life was plunged in desolation,

When youth and beauty, hope itself had fled,

Thou didst appear, sweet auburn transformation,

And lo! my bosom warmed

And, like my face, my spirit was transformed.

Lightly upon my too Shakspearean brow

I placed thee; lightly thou didst rest upon it,

And now I scanned my mirror closely, now

Withdrawn a little, artist-like to con it.

A dream I seemed to see,

And oh! I thought, the difference to me!

A radiance was about me. I had found

A trap to catch the sunbeams, and they danced there

So irresistibly that they were bound

(I felt) to ravish any one that glanced there.

Copper and gold and red

Flamed in a burnished halo round my head.

Then on my march of triumph forth I set,

And soon it came to pass, as I expected,

That, wander where my footsteps would, I met

A crowd of eligibles—all rejected—

Who heaved pathetic sighs

And gazed at thee with dumb, appealing eyes.

At first I revelled in my new-found strength,

And over broken hearts elate I strutted;

But even broken hearts may pall at length.

I wearied of this homage. I was glutton

With conquest, and began

To loathe the vision of proposing man.

And now it bores me when I hear him rave

Of thy bright charms and suicidal bullets;

I sigh for something sensible; I crave

The simple life—peas, cauliflowers, and pullets;

My sated spirit begs

No longer hearts, but butter, cheese, and eggs.

Thus, O my transformation, we must part,

And thou shalt deck some PHYLLIDA or CHLOE,

And 'mid the hayfields ply thy deadly art

On youthful STREPHONS, for thou still art showy,

And, thanks to all my care,

Scarcely the very least the worse for wear.